

ED 20 POUNDS
JUST 6 BOTTLES

NOTE NOW TAKES UP
SUBJECT OF BASEBALL

AUNT CHARITY RUMINATES.

I jes want to be religious,
In 'long wid all de rest;
An jine de church an be baptized,
An forevermore be blest.

But, I'll declar to goodness
I'm frustrated so,
Dat I'm all mixed up and pestered,
An L don't know whar to go.

Fust, the Prispertarian tells me
Not to kick up any row;
Ef de Lawd's agwine to save me,
He'll do it any how.

Hits no use fer me ter holler,
Hits no use fer me ter cry,
Fer when de ole ship Zion
Comes er sailin by:

Ef I've been predestinated,
An ef I've one of de eleck;
Dey'll reach way down and grab me,
Den hist me on de deck.

Dat when I gits good started,
I've to keep straight on de way;
For I'll never cross de ocean,
Ef I starts new ebry day.

Den de Baptis next, dey gits me,
An takes me ter de pool;
An dey say ter me, now Charity
Don't make yerself a fool:

You satisfy yer conscience,
An be sure yer do what's right;
You go into dat water chile,
Clean under—outer sight.

Den cum along an mune wid us,
An peace an comfort find;
But I tough pon de Mefodis,
Fore I made up all my mind.

Den de Mefodis, dey takes me
To de new bush arbor tent,
An dey puts me wid de moaners,
Fer to weep an to repent.

An dey tells me when I'se happy,
Jes let it pop right out;
Not to be afeared of any one,
But ter let right out an shout.

An den dey ups and tells me,
When I does climb into grace;
I must cling dar like a turkle,
Er I'll fall down from my place.

An some omen says dey wouldn't sin,
Not eben if dey could;
An right smart omen says dey
couldn't,
Not eben ef de would.

But I does de famly washin,
Fer a man dats sanctified;
An his wife makes all de fires,
An splits de wood beside.

So I goes home to my cabin,
An I falls down on my knees;
An I raise my hands to heaven,
An I asks de Master, please:

To fergive de wicked tings,
Dat I have ever done;
An to overlook my meanness,
Fer de sake of His dear Son.

An I tole de heavenly Fader,
Dat I didn't know anything bout;
Dere mersions and dere lections,
An dere fallins in and out.

Den it seems all in a minute,
Dat de load was took away;
An I felt so good and easy,
When I heerd a soft voice say:

"Charity, poor old creetur,
Don't you bodder yer old head,
Wid creeds, beliefs an doctrines—
But jes look to me instead.

An dough yer sins be scarlit,
An yer skin as black es coal;
Yer Saviour dat redeemed you,
Will surely save yer soul.

Be meek an kind an gentle,
An do all de good you can;
An you'll hab de bes relijan,
Dat was eber giben ter man."

An I understood dat preachin,
An larnt 'long wid de rest,
Dat dough religious talkins mighty
good
Religious livins best.
—MRS. T. R. JONES.

It always makes a man peevish
when people compliment him on his
success and then add that they can't
understand it.

No. Six-Sixty-Six

This is a prescription prepared especially
for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER.
Five or six doses will break any case, and
if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not
return. It acts on the liver better than
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CROUP, COUGHS AND COLDS

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cause for complaint or dissatisfaction
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druggists say—"Buy a bottle of this re-
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Cough, Severe Cough, Croup or any
Bronchial Affection, and we will return
your money, just the same as we do with
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does not give satisfaction, or if not found
the best remedy ever used for any of
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vantage of this guarantee and try this
medicine, and get your money back, rather
than buying another purely on the
exaggerated claims of its manufacturer
or on the strength of testimonials from
others and run the chance of getting
something worthless and also wasting
your money?

mayo ne, nineteen sixteen.

dear editor:—yes i wus upter
du west ter sea ther ball gain twixt
the baptis colag an the uskums. tha
had sed in abvul, that is mistar
storks an dail bockstall thet
the baptis wood eat the uskums up ez
tha knue a triek bout plain with a
wet ball which the uskums cudent
handal as tha is no baptis, an tha
sed that the baptust hed a cuban on
ther team which wood-maik ther gain
interstait commurs whitch the us-
kums haddint studdied. so when i
sees Mr Bockstalls kar agoin up with
a stripid parrasoil in it an seed mr.
storks hirin a kar ter goa up an
carrie his peepul, i sed ter lizzie i
gess tha is rite en the uskums will
be snode under or raned on by the
baptust colag, but ennyway when
a nabur sed less go up, up i goes with
him es i bleeve in bein gain en
sseen a thing out. well i heddent
got up ther until i sees buddie long-
shore en col. bob owings run up in
a lital white mersheen whitch trotted
jist like a mule. up ermungst the
crowd it ranned en then stoit rite
suddenly like ernuther mule, en run
back, en liketer ranned oaver sevrul
niggers whitch wus sitting on the
grass watchin ter sea how ther bap-
tus handled therselves in gittin warm
befoar the gain. well bob owings
is sed ter hev leenins ter ther bap-
tust hisself en i gess he wus brought
up by mr. bockstall en mr. storks,
ter do sum rooten, ennyway he wus
thare.

well, the uskums wus still studdin
when the baptust wus practisen but
dreckly hear thys cums with-ther
doctars. thay now has sevrul doct-
ars moar than they hed when tha
plade Feetball with the team from
out near donnels. tha has still got
dr. moffix, en doctar bell, an then
tha has a spechul doctar knone as
dr. pressie, en he handles meddisin
rite now in a ball gain. well tha
twisted ther arms and throde enuff
balls ter win a gain, an evry Fellar
hit the ball sevrul times to loosen
the cuver an git the ball soft en
then the empperer of the gain sed
let the Fite begin en i seed mr.
storks wink his I at ernuther man
whitch wus with him, an he pinted
ter the cuban an thay both lafed jist
like you has seed mr. storks do when
he gits cheeted in a mule traid. well
the uskums hes a pitcher whitch is
named wulf from lorrens, s. c., en
beleav me he knose how ter shute a
ball, when he is windin up ter pich
ther ball he seams ter be fitin nats.
the baptust they waded rite inter the
Fite, but all whitch got befor wulf
in ther fust stanzer wus ether kilt
ur badlie wounded, en they went out
inter the feeld en sed give em sum
wet goods bois en befor i knue it
they had dun fixt the uskums an so
it went erlong fur a line er too, when
the uskums i finds also speeks in
Furrin languig en thay trots out a
mexikan whitch sent the ball a hum-
min an the next thing the baptust
knoas thay has a man on each baste
ter watch the man whitch was trine
ter keap theas bastes, en then a lital
fellar whitch cum from mercormick
kounty, en whitch the uskum bois hes
knicknaimed fur his kountie, steps
up lookin kinder skeared en mr.
storks and the gent. with him looks
at each uther an smiles agin but i
soon seas he wus onlie skeared that
he wood braik his bat so he jest hit
um litle en took charg of all three
bastes hisself and let the other bois
whitch had been watchin cum in an
git a drink uv wauter. well, the
uskums then sent in ernuther hevvy
artillerie or too, en the next thing i
seas is mr. storks en the gint. leevin,
in whitch they sed they had ter vissit
a sick friend. i gess thay wanted
ter git sum of his meddisin as dr.
presies diddent seam ter agreea with
them, an then i looked fur mr. bock-
stalls kar an it was gone ter the fire
on the outside of ther whoal toun
with ther parrasoil dun put down.
well the gain still went on. the bap-
tust heddent put ole Cuber in yit, so
they trotted him out but the uskums
lit on him like yaller jacks in thay
soon maid him look like a shipped
wautermellon, en then thay sent in
ernuther hoss whitch was sumthin
like a texas ponie, but he cudent
stand the hoss-flies whitch the us-
kums had ter turn loos on him, en he
wus soon swettin, an frettin, and
with that the empperer of the gain
sez that the uskums has wun it nine
ter 2 an i comes on hoam, an mr.
storks gits down lait ther next morin.
so goodby.

yours for the gain,
Dote.

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worthless advice.

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habits—but their habits are fierce.

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